

LANCASTER GAZETTE.

"PUT NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

NEW SERIES—VOL 5 NO. 48.

LANCASTER, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 1, 1858.

ESTABLISHED IN 1826

The Lancaster Gazette.

CLARKE & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE—Martin's Row, one Door South
of the Post-Office

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CITY OF LANCASTER.

Thursday Morning, April 1, 1858

From the Ohio Farmer.

SOILS, MANURES.

No one can form any correct estimate of
the capabilities of a given soil for the sus-
tenance of a given population, without be-
coming acquainted with the philosophy of
manures.

Fertilizing atoms are matter—and as
such are indestructible. They may be
drawn from the earth, and incorporated in
a plant, and removed from their original
location, and in the decomposition of the
plant returned to the earth again. If they
have been removed from the farm on which
they were organized into plants, their re-
moval impoverishes that, and enriches the
soil on which they are consumed.

The soil, naturally, does not contain one
part, in a thousand, of the atoms, in an av-
ailable condition which nature requires
in forming a plant. This is an important
fact that every farmer should know—how
small a number of atoms the soil contains
available for the growth of plants, and the
necessity, of course, of husbanding them
most economically. A change in this mat-
ter, or atoms, forms plants—a change in
the plants form manure, or fertilizing at-
oms. By the decomposition of the plant,
the fertilizing atoms are returned to the
earth, to be again employed in producing
another plant; and thus an endless cycle of
production and decay is constantly going
on. Not a particle of matter is created,
and none lost.

Thus, an atom of potash that aids in or-
ganizing the elements of water and carbon
into starch, in a kernel of corn, this year,
may by the return of the elements of that
kernel to the earth, in the form of manure,
perform of manure, perform a similar func-
tion every season for a thousand years;
and in all its changes and combinations, it
remains an atom of potash, and will re-
main so as long as matter exists. If this
kernel of corn is sold, and removed from
the farm, the soil loses the atom of potash,
and is that much poorer for the production
of another crop of corn.

By attention to this fact, (that the atoms
of fertilizing matter drawn from the earth,
must be returned to it again,) the farmers
of England have raised the average crop
of wheat from sixteen to thirty-two bush-
els an acre. Where they have been re-
moved by the sale of the crop, or lost by
bad husbandry, they must be restored by
guano, or other foreign substance.

Only one tenth of the dry, solid matter
of a plant is drawn from the earth—the
rest is drawn from the atmosphere. Ma-
nure enables a plant to draw more aliment
from the atmosphere and the earth, than it
could otherwise do. This is the reason
why clover, peas, and many other
plants, are called *removing* crops. They
do not create a plant in their own organiza-
tion, sunlight, heat, water, atmospheric air, gas-
es, and minerals. These rotting, or con-
sumed as food, will restore to the land, not
only what is drawn from it, but also gives
it sunshine, heat, water, carbonic acid,
and other gases drawn from the atmos-
phere.

In this way, ten bushels of corn, fed to
fattening hogs, cattle, or sheep, if all the
solid and liquid manure is saved, and ad-
ded to the stalks and cobs on which it
grew, will produce twenty bushels. But to
do this, all the liquid, as well as the solid
manure, must be saved, and judiciously
applied.

It is on this principle, that one hundred
pounds of bird-dung [guano] will produce
three hundred pounds of wheat, and five
hundred pounds of corn. Guano con-
tains but about eighteen and a half per-
cent. of pure sulphur; but it enables the
clover plant to extract twice that amount
from the earth, by extending its roots into
the subsoil.

The philosophy of manuring thus be-
comes an important branch of agricultural
learning; and a farmer can feed ten times
as many people on his farm, as he can off-
as in the export of the food abroad, his
losses the fertilizing atoms that were drawn
from it in the growth of the plants.

On a larger scale: No State, or country,
that exports largely the material for bread-
stuffs and provisions, can long support its

inhabitants, but must export them to
the country it has enriched by the export
of its fertilizing atoms in the shape of food.
Thus Ireland, for ten years prior to 1846,
exported more bushels of grain than all
the United States. Her lands became ex-
hausted—the potato was imperfect—the
rot followed—famine ensued—and thou-
sands perished with hunger.

Virginia, besides sending abroad the vi-
tal blood of her soil, in the tobacco leg,
sends annually a million bushels of corn to
Massachusetts. All the atoms of fertilizing
matter, drawn from her soil by this corn,
is thus sent out of the State, and lost to her
farmers. If she fed this to hogs, and cat-
tle, and exported the meat, the manure de-
rived from the grain consumed would re-
plenish her exhausted fields, and fit them
for grain instead of broom-grass.

No nation so much neglects her soil as
Americans. They seem to think that Na-
ture will farm sixty or eighty bushels of
corn, and thirty bushels of wheat to the
acre, from nothing. The result is, Vir-
ginians, that are scarcely near enough to
each other to make good neighbors, are
obliged to abandon the soil that will not
support them. If her population, to the
square mile, was as great as that of Bel-
gium, she would have twenty-two millions
of inhabitants—a number about equal to
that of the whole United States.

Massachusetts, with a population of only
126 to the square mile, is seeking a
place in Central America in which to store
them, and has to procure her food from
the other States; while Belgium, with a
population of 336 to the square mile, feeds
them all, and exports large quantities of
pork, mutton, butter, cheese, and some
grain, and over 900,000 head of cattle, an-
nually. This is done by her system of til-
lage and manuring. She exceeds all other
nations in making and applying ma-
nures. The farmers pay \$10 a year for the
liquid excretions of a single cow.

The more fat cattle, fat sheep and hogs
a farmer keeps, if he saves the manure, the
more grain he can raise—as they return in
the manure, the fertilizing atoms taken
from the earth—and thus become the man-
ufacturers of manure, that cannot be dis-
posed with, for that purpose, till popula-
tion becomes so dense that there is but
half an acre to each person. After that,
man will furnish the fertilizing atoms for
which we are now indebted to the brute
creation.

Practical Preaching.

Here is a paragraph, from Henry Ward
Beecher:

"We have no doubt that a rigorous
landlord, having sharked it all the week,
would be better pleased on Sunday, to dose
through an able Gospel sermon on Divine
mysteries, than to be kept awake by a
practical sermon that, set forth the duties
of a Christian landlord. A broker who
has gambled on a magnificent scale all the
week, does not go to church to have his
practical swindling analysed and measured
by the 'New Testament spirit.' A mer-
chant whose last bale of smuggled goods
was safely stored on Sunday night, and
his brother merchant, who, on that same
day swore a false invoice through the cus-
tom-house—they go to church to hear a
sermon on faith or angels, or the resurrec-
tion! They have nothing invested in these
subjects; they expect their minister to be
bold and orthodox. But if he wants res-
pectable merchants to pay ample pen-
salties let him not vulgarize the pulpit by in-
troducing commercial questions. A rich
Christian brother owns largely in distill-
ery, and is clamorous against letting down
the pulpit to the vulgarity of temperance
sermons. Another man buys tax titles,
and naves about all the week to see who
can be slipped out of a neglected lot. A
merchant that plies his craft with unscrup-
ulous aplomb of every means that wins
he two wants 'doctrine' on the Sabbath,
not those secular questions. Men wish
two departments in life; the secular and
religious. There is a high wall and
opaque is to be built. They wish to do
what the pleasure for six long days. Then
stepping the other side of the wall, they
wish the minister their fears, to comfort
their consciences, and furnish them a clear
ticket and assurance for heaven. By such
show management, our modern finan-
ciers are determined to show that a Chris-
tian can serve two masters, both God and
Mammon at the same time."

Can anything be more beautiful than
the following record of childhood's faith?
"What do you do without a mother to
tell all your troubles to? asked a child
who had a mother of one who had not—her
mother was dead.
"Mother told me who to go to before she
died," answered the little orphan; "I go to
the Lord Jesus; he was mother's friend
and he's mine."
"Jesus Christ is up in the sky; he is
away off, and has a great many things to
attend to in Heaven. It is not likely he
can stop to mind you!"
"I do not know anything about that,"
said the orphan; "all I know he says he
will, and that's enough for me."

A first rate joke took place lately in
our court room. A woman was testifying
in behalf of her son, and swore "that he
had worked on a farm ever since he was
born."

The lawyer, who cross-examined her,
said, "You assert that your son has worked
on a farm ever since he was born?"
"I do."
"What did he do the first year?"
"He milked!"
The lawyer evaporated.—Hartford Cou.

From the Philadelphia North American, March 13th.

SIX THOUSAND PERSONS AT A PRAYER MEETING.

If ever, since Paul traveled the road to
Damascus, the direct voice of Heaven aud-
ibly called sinners to repentance, that voice
may be heard at the Union Prayer Meet-
ing now being held in Jayne's Hall in
Chestnut street. Our reporter again vis-
ited the Hall on yesterday, and found that
so far from diminishing, the interest is in-
creasing; and that too, without any excite-
ment, any raving or any of those boister-
ous demonstrations of piety or religio-
us enthusiasm which we sometimes find dur-
ing seasons, among the illiterate and unen-
lightened.

Before going further, however, it may
be news to a good many if we show how
this prayer meeting was first organized.—
It was originated by a young man, under
twenty-one years of age, but a very Tim-
othy in point of zeal for the service of his
Divine Master. This youth was in New
York at the time when the first "Business
men's Prayer Meeting" was opened. He
thought that, as good had resulted there, a
similar movement in Philadelphia might
also share God's blessing, and he instru-
mental in the conversion of many souls.

Having succeeded in interesting several
other persons, they applied to the trustees
of the Central Methodist Church, corner
of Fourth and Arch streets, for the use of
the meeting house. Their wish was cheer-
fully granted, and the meetings were con-
ducted every day at noon, the attendance
averaging only from twenty to thirty per-
sons—never higher than thirty-six. The
meeting was commenced on November
23d. The pastor of the church, feeling,
perhaps, that he ought to have been con-
sulted in the matter—a fact which the
young men had overlooked—objected af-
ter a time to the further use of the church,
when application was made to Dr. Jayne
for the ante-room to his spacious hall.—
Dr. J., being a Christian man, complied in-
stantly with the request, and on February
3d, the first meeting was there held. The
discussions of the participants, fell upon
the meeting, and the interest gradually in-
creased, until now not less than six thousand
persons each day spend from five to sixty
minutes each at the hour of exercises in
this Union Meeting.

The scenes of the occasion yesterday
were awe-inspiring and impressive. The
congregation was the largest we have yet
seen there, while the exercises were even
more spiritual in their character than be-
fore. The audience comprised mainly
business men, clerks and ladies. Many
of the latter appeared to have stepped in
from motives of curiosity, as they carried
bundles—the probable results of a shop-
ping tour. Yet in the whole vast audience
we did not witness the smallest demon-
stration of levity or thoughtlessness after
the brief but solemn opening prayer had been
made.

The prayer closed, two verses of a hymn
were sung to an old but familiar Methodist
tune, such as we have not heard before
since our childhood. The hymn was this:
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood
From thy side a healing flood,
&c.

The effect of this simple harmony, swell-
ing from the uplifted voices of three thou-
sand earnest people, was electrical, and
utterly beggared the meretricious, and
semi-operative music that has so lamentably
displaced congregational singing in many
modern churches.

The leader then said that he wished it
distinctly understood, that if there were
any persons present who desired like blind
Bartimews to receive their sight, if they
would signify it by holding up their hands
they would be prayed for by the congre-
gation. About twenty persons that we
could see—responded by elevating their
right hands. Several of these were ladies,
two of whom our reporter saw giggling as
they entered the hall just in advance of
him. They had parcels in their hands at
the time, and apparently came to the place
"to laugh," although they remained to
pray. The prayer that followed—we do
not know who offered it—was a most ef-
fectual supplication: lifting up the penitents
upon the arms of love and faith to meet
the descending blessing. It was a prayer
coached in language at once earnest and
simple—just such language as a guilty man
should use when addressing his Creator,
and not the language of a prize essay or
high sounding oration as we find many
prayers.

The 216th hymn followed, beginning—
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We stretched in gloomy night,
Without one cheering gleam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

Alternate prayer and exhortation follow-
ing until one o'clock. As soon as a speak-
er had taken up the allotted five minutes,
a bell was struck as a signal to cease, such
being the rule of the meeting. At its close
it was announced that if any person de-
sired special instruction or counsel, any
minister present would receive and con-
verse with such persons in the area behind
the platform. Some forty or fifty persons
acted accordingly.

The Utah expedition foolery is green-
gain to the Administration just now. The
N. Y. Times' Washington correspondent
says:
There are some five millions of dollars
worth of contracts in connection with the
Utah campaign, which are being used as
levers, as far as possible, to affect votes.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

It is the twilight hour:
The daylight toll is done;
And the last rays are lingering
Of the old and wistful sun.
It is the time when friendship
Holds converse fair and true;
It is the time when children
Holds round the mother's knee.
But my soul is faint and heavy
With a yearning and a deep—
By the bedside and the hearth
I sit me down and weep.
When are ye, merry voices,
Whose clear and bird-like tones
Some other ear now hears,
Less anxious than my own?
Where are ye, steps of lightness,
Which fell like blossoms showered
Where are ye, sounds of laughter
That cheer the pleasant hours?
Thou hast a heavy time before thee,
Where my wistful glance falls,
I can see your picture hanging
Against the silent wall.
Thy gleam abate the darkness
Which creeps to her bosom
But mine are ye, my children—
No voice to mine replies.
Where are ye? Are ye playing
By the stranger's blazing hearth?
Forgetting your own home?
Your old home's former mirth?
Are ye dancing? Are ye singing?
Are ye full of childish glee?
Or do your light hearts sudden
Remember memory's foe?
Round whom, Oh, gentle darlings,
Do your young arms fondly twine?
Who hath taken you from mine?
Oh, boys, the twilight hour
Is a heavy time before thee;
It recalls with such deep anguish
All I need to call my own.
That the hardest work that ever
Was spoken to me there
Would be to trial—would be welcome—
In this depth of my despair!
Yet, I hope—yet, I hope—
White life and love remain:
Though the weary struggle hunt me,
And my prayer be made in vain,
Though at times my spirit fail me,
And my heart be sore and faint,
Though my lot be hard and lonely,
Yet I hope—I hope through all!

SMALL TALK.—But of all expedients to
make the heart lean, the brain gauzy, and to
thin life down into the consistency of a
cambrie kerchief, the most successful is
the little talk and tattle, which, in some
charmed circles, is courteously styled con-
versation. How human beings can live on
such meagre fare—how continued ex-
istence in such a famine of topics and on
such a short allowance of sense—is a great
question, if philosophy could only search it
out. All we know is, that such men
and women there are, who will go on from
fifteen to four-score, and never a hint on
their tombstones, that they died at last of
consumption of the head and marasmus
of the heart! The whole universe of God,
spreading out its splendors and terrors,
pleading for their attention, and they
wander where Mrs. Somebody got that
divine ribbon to her bonnet? The whole
literature, through its thousand trumps of
fame, adjuring them to regard its garnered
stores of emotion and thought, and they
think, "It's high time if John intends to
marry Sarah, for him to pop the question!"
When, to be sure, this trifling is spiced
with a little envy and malice, and prepares
its small dishes of scandal and bits of
detraction, it becomes endowed with a slight
venomous vitality, which does pretty well,
in the absence of soul, to carry on the
machinery of living, if not the reality of life.
[E. P. Whipple.]

BITE OR BE DAMNED.—A writer in the
Atlantic Monthly, speaking of New Eng-
land ministers, gives the following anec-
dote of Dr. Bellamy, which some of our
preachers at the present day would do well
to profit by:
"A young minister who had made him-
self conspicuous for a severe and denuncia-
tory style of preaching, came to him one
day to inquire why he did not have more
success. 'Why man said the doctor, 'can't
you take a lesson from the fisherman?'
How do you go to work if you want to
catch a trout? You get a little hook and
a fine line, you bait it carefully, and throw
it in as gently as possible, and then you
sit and wait and humor your fish till you
can get him ashore. Now you get a great
cod hook and rope line, and thrash it into
the water, and bawl out Bite or be dam-
ned!"

A LESSON FOR LAWYERS.—When Judge
Henderson, of Texas, was first a candidate
for office, he visited a Frontier county, in
which he was, except by reputation, a
stranger. Hearing that a trial for felony
would take place in a few days, he deter-
mined to volunteer for the defense. The
prisoner was charged with having stolen a
pig; the defense was "not guilty." The
volunteer counsel conducted the case with
great ability. He confuted the witness,
plaverted the court to make an able, elo-
quent, and successful argument. The pris-
oner was acquitted—he had not stolen the
pig. The counsel received the enthusi-
astic applause of the audience. His inno-
cent client availed himself of the earliest
interval of the hurricane of congratulations
to take his counsel aside.
"My dear sir," said he, "you have saved
me, and I am very grateful. I have no
money, do not expect me to have any, and
do not expect ever to see you again; but
to show that I appreciate your services,
you shall have the pig!"

So saying, he drew from his pocket, and
presented to the astonished attorney the
very piglet the attorney had just shown he
had never stolen, or had in his possession.

In his second card on Kansas affairs
John Calhoun "regrets" that his party has
been beaten in the 4th of January Kansas
election, and gives a list of the members of
the State Legislature elected according to
the Lecompton schedule, allowing Free
State men a majority. The chivalry is
said to be exasperated. Calhoun does not
say to which party the State officers elected
belong. On this point he is still mum.

Two of the items by the latest foreign
mail are, that a fire in Constantinople had
destroyed three hundred houses, and that
an earthquake had laid Corinth in ruins.

The Revival Increasing in New York.
The New York Evening Post of Mon-
day has the following:

"The Revival is extending. In no less
than fifteen churches in this city are now
prayers held on secular days, not to speak
of Burton's old theatre, which is so crowd-
ed that negotiations are pending to obtain
some larger building, like the Museum.—
In Brooklyn also an increased number of
churches will be opened for those who are
concerned upon religious matters, and all
the signs portend that the excitement has
not reached its culmination. Legislative
prayer meetings are held at the Court of
Appeals daily in Albany; merchants and
lawyers have prayer meetings, ladies have
their up-town prayer-meetings, and there
is some talk of a broker's prayer meet-
ing at the Exchange, between the First and
Second Boards.

One great auxiliary to the spread of the
revival is the notice taken of it by the
secular press. Column after column is de-
voted to the record of religious experi-
ences, and Revival Intelligence is made as
much "a feature" as financial or political
news. This is quite unprecedented, and
shows the extended usefulness of the press
of late years.

Certainly never was religious propagand-
ism so thoroughly carried out. Printed
hymns, tracts, placards, everywhere re-
mind the inattentive of their duties. Girls
and young men visit families by the block
giving them tracts, urging them to repent
offering them free seats in the neighboring
church, and taking an inventory or spiritual
census of the number and condition of
the households. Altogether the revival may
be pronounced the most striking phenom-
enon of the day.

John L. Robinson, of Indiana, an
ex-member of Congress, present U. S.
District Marshal, and a prominent appli-
cant for the clerkship of the national house
of Representatives, made a speech at a
Democratic meeting in Rushville, Indiana
late in which he elaborated the Douglas
most soundly, of which fact the fol-
lowing sentence is a specimen: I say let
them go, and may God pardon their poor,
contemptible, pusillanimous souls.

A worthy old citizen of Newport,
who had the reputation of being the last-
est man alive among "them lillocks"—so
lively, indeed that he used to weed his gar-
den in a rocking chair, by rocking forward
to take hold of the weed, and back to up-
hold it—had a peculiar way of his own;
used to drive his old wife faced mare to
the spot where the tatoo (blackfish) might
be depended on for any weight from two
to twelve pounds—back his gig down to
the waters side—put out his line and
when the fish was fully hooked, start the
old mare and pull him out.

A UNIO SENTIMENT.—The following is
the concluding paragraph of Senator Sew-
ard's speech in giving his vote of the army.

Sir, whatever may be the decision of
this question, I am prepared to see it
people of that region of country in which
I reside still upholding the Union and I
believe that they are of the same race, the
same kindred, and the same education with
the people of all other portions of this
Union, and that the Union will survive not
only all threats and all alarms, but all fears,
and I will come out triumphantly. I believe
it will come out a free nation in the high-
est and proudest sense of the term. I ex-
pect to see this Union stand until there shall
not be the footprint of a slave impress-
ed upon the soil that it protects, although
that soil will be extended, for aught I know
from the North Pole to the Caribbean sea,
as it has already extended from the Atlan-
tic to the Pacific Ocean.

Fun should be cultivated as a fine
art, for it is altogether a fine thing. Who
ever knew a funny man to be a bad one?
On the contrary it is not he, nine times
ten, generous, humane and good? To be
sure he is. Fun—it is a great thing.
It smooths the rough places of life, makes
the disposition as sweet, as rosy as a fresh
maiden's kiss, scatters sunshine and flow-
ers where ever we go, gives the world a
round joyous countenance, makes all the
best families out. We go in for fun. The
man who won't cultivate it must keep a
good sized rod between us.

THE REASON WHY.—The New Hamp-
shire Patriot, frankly confessing the cause of
the recent overwhelming defeat of Demo-
cracy in that State, as follows. It contains
a significant warning to its party in other
States:
"The defeat of the Democracy is suffi-
ciently overwhelming to satisfy our most
bitter opponents. No one can fail to see
the cause; all admit it. The Kansas ques-
tion has again crushed us with its ponder-
ous blind, unreasoning power. Before the
Lecompton Constitution was brought be-
fore the country, our prospects for suc-
cess were highly flattering; our triumph
seemed to be certain; that matter, with
the course of the administration upon it,
fell like a wet blanket upon the rising cour-
age and earnest zeal of our friends, and
from that day we were doomed.

A Yankee lady pictures a good
man as 'one who is keeful of clothes, don't
dink sperits, kin read a Bible 'thout spel-
lin' the words, and kin eat a solid dinner
on washdays to save the women folk
from cookin'."

From the Wheeling Intelligencer.
CHARLEY DOANE.
Thou art great! Thy gentle spirit's radi-
ance art number'd with the sacred dead;
Gone from those who loved thee, far away
To realms of happiness and eternal day.
Earth's feeble joys no more can thee allure,
Thou hast left us in the hopeful morn-
ing of life, never more shall we listen to that voice,
Which taught true happiness—true peace and love.
Thou'lt meet them art, yet we can but mourn
That thou hast left us in the hopeful morn-
ing of life, never more shall we listen to that voice,
Which taught true happiness—true peace and love.
The fairest flowers are those which first decay,
Earth's fairest sons are first to pass away;
The brightest genius seldom would find one sad doom;
The noblest spirits, they're carried to the tomb.
Beyond the bright dreams are o'er; thou'lt goe to
sleep
Thou'lt meet them art, yet we can but mourn
That thou hast left us in the hopeful morn-
ing of life, never more shall we listen to that voice,
Which taught true happiness—true peace and love.
Sweet songs thou sing'st; care our time employ, T.

An Indian Wedding.
The Nebraska City News of the 31st in-
cludes a long account of the marriage
of a Pawnee chief to a blood royal squaw
of the Otoe tribe. The bridegroom was
named Whitewater, and the bride Wah-
mash-shing-shing. We extract the follow-
ing.
The chiefs daughter was elegantly
dressed in a red flannel shirt with deep
blue calico border, a check apron, a sum-
mer-killed buffalo robe and a white felt
hat. Her jewels were magnificent. From
either ear dangled brilliant ornaments of
brass, tin and copper.
We must not omit to mention that Miss
Wah-mash-shing-shing also wore a "red pet-
ticoat," embroidered according to custom
of her own, with porcupine quills repre-
senting a desperate dog fight. Her entire
wardrobe and jewelry could not have cost
less than six thousand dollars in Fien-
selle money. The bridegroom was attired
in all the magnificence which his rank and
wealth demanded. He wore a standing
shirt collar, a medal of President Pierce,
a blue straight-collared soldiers coat, with
brass buttons and an elegant pair of Span-
ish spurs, while his stalwart lions were ad-
mirably clothed in an ancient coonsack.
Altogether the appearance of both the bride
and the groom was appropriate to their
high sphere in life.
The most sumptuous feast awaited the
guests at the residence of the bride's father.
It was spread in a camp kettle and sus-
pended over the fire that burned in the
centre of that princely lodge. It consisted
of young dog meat, very tender, blue corn
and old dog meat, beaver tails and mule-
steak, fresh fish and sugar, making alto-
gether, one of the most palatable and nour-
ishing compounds that ever graced a royal
camp-kettle. The horn spoons of occiden-
tal luxury seldom convey to the educated
palate vivids more tempting and delicious.
As for drinks, corn whiskey, made of red
pepper tobacco plugs and rain water, to-
gether with molasses-sweetened coffee
made up the list.

We remember once of seeing a speci-
men of a sailor's letter, which ran as fol-
lows:
DEAR JACK—I want you to send me
some extra pigtail tobacco, a tawpail hat
and a pair of duck trousers. You must
be sure and send the pigtail. If you forget
everything else, don't forget the pigtail.—
Send me lots of p.g.tails.
Your friend,
Tom.
N. B.—Be sure to remember the pig-
tail.
P. S.—Don't forget the pigtail.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

A Strange History.

Fiction has her marvelous herbes, but
now and then some plain creature of every
day fact surpasses them in romantic adven-
ture.

In 1855 a young man was arrested at
Cleveland on a charge of passing counter-
feit money, and on evidence which many
thought insufficient, was convicted and
sentenced to the Penitentiary. He was
brought to Columbus and incarcerated;
but it was not long before he effected his
escape and successfully eluded pursuit. He
fled without daring to show himself to any
one, until about thirty miles from the city
when, spent and famished, he ventured to
apply at a house rather remote from others
for shelter and food. Both were prompt-
ly afforded him. The poor woman who
dwelt there alone with her two children,
was true to the generous instincts of her
nature, and admitted to hearth and board
—not the escaped convict, but the weary,
lunatic, hungry wretch, who claimed from
her that boon.

"Which art the happy to the unhappy one."
He rested and refreshed himself, and
when he again set forth upon his wander-
ings, she gave him a suit of citizen's
clothes. Thus disguised, he traveled
northward, until within a short distance
of Cleveland, when he obtained work;
and earned forty dollars, which he sent to
the woman who had saved him. He then
went to New York, engaged in business,
and prospered. Still he remembered his
benefactress, and recently she received
from him three hundred dollars.

The truth, meanwhile, came to light.
It became apparent that he was guiltless
of the crime with which he had been charged
and had suffered for a crime that he had
never committed.

A petition signed by the Judge who had
passed sentence upon him, the jury which
had found him guilty, and sixty-six mem-
bers of the Cuyahoga bar, and authenti-
cated members of the Legislature from that
county was sent to the Governor praying
for the pardon of the escaped convict.

Here a difficulty arose. He could not
be pardoned as long as he was not in this
custody of the State. He was communi-
cated with, and came to Columbus, within
a few days past, and gave himself up to
the Wardens of the Penitentiary. He
was once more placed in the prison, and
the key turned upon him.

There his pardon was landed to him,
and he came forth—no more guiltless
than before—but certain in his liberty and
the esteem of his fellow men. CHESAPE.

Major Brown's Coon Story.
"I was down on the creek this morn-
ing," said Bill Gates, "and I see any
amount of coon tracks. I think they're
about to be powerful plenty this season."

"Oh, yes," replied Tom Coker, "I never
hearn tell of the likes before. The whole
woods is lined with 'em. If skins is only
a good price this season, I'll be worth sum-
thin' in the spring, sure's you live, for I've
jest got one of the best coon dogs in all Il-
linois."

"You say you never hearn tell of the
like of